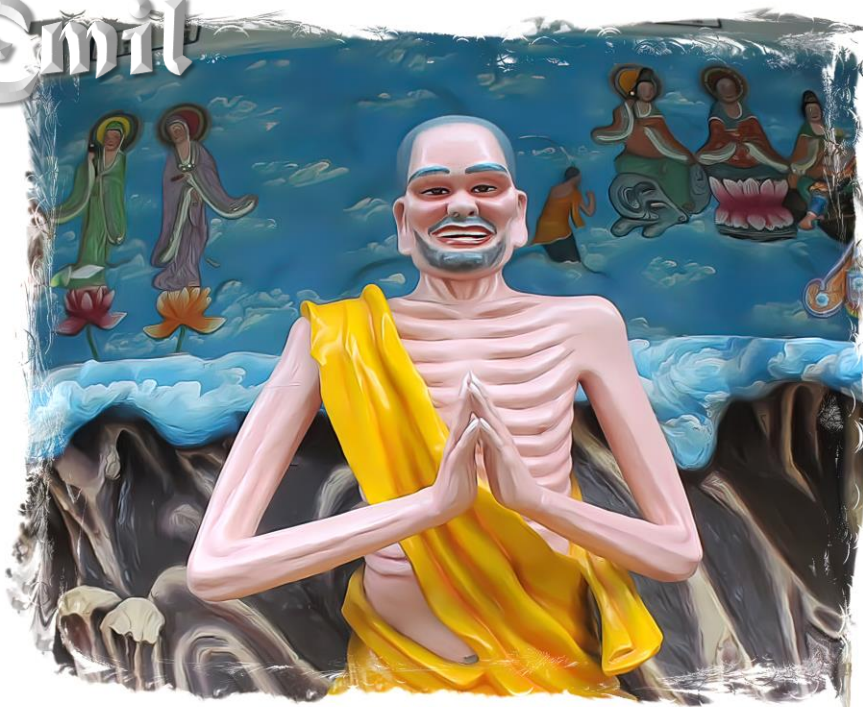


THE KITKAT

NANKING'S PREMIER GENTLEMAN'S SALON

Smil



EXPEDITION TO THE
LOST CIVILIZATION
OF THE
GOBI DESERT
1936

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To be truthful with you, as I am an actual player in a large part of this story, I can testify as it being accountable as I lived through these actual events...at least the Nanking portions.

I have never been one to question established history nor believe in this metaphysics mumbo-jumbo, what happened at the expedition site, I will leave that to be between you and Emil...take it up with Emil.

This tale takes me back to a time when I was but a pup and a time that seems, even now is, as fresh as yesterday's news.

The only wish that I really have

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is that Emil would take the time to put the full story into a single issue instead of this frustrating serial nonsense that Emil so seems to enjoy writing in.

We hope that you will enjoy this new collection and buy multiple copies because as Mister Charles (WWWG's Accountant) reminds me, Emil does owe us an extensive amount of money.

Due to this fact, we are happy to receive, publish and promote anything from Emil that might help us recoup some of our lost.

Seine LaGone, Editor WWWG

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DOWN AT THE KITKAT

This tale began where most of the best tales do...in a seedy little bar on the wrong side of the tracks...in this case, it was the seedy little bar in Nanking where I worked doing portraits of Tai Pan Mistresses at five francs per picture...always get paid in a good foreign currency instead the toilet paper, script that the National Government was trying to pass off as real money...

Why francs?

I know what the franc still has worth regardless of all the nonsense going on in Europa these

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days...anyway, it was the coin of choice just south of us, there in French Indo-China...that's safe!

It's safe cause the Japs have no beef with the French...in fact, it is starting to look like they have already chewed off more than they can handle here in China...technology and better guns will get you only so far...how many bullets do you have?

The Chinese have 10,000+ times more people more than these Nationalists but, the Tai Pans don't mind throwing all of them into the meat grinder of what they are already calling the Second World War.

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Personally, I had my fill of World War in the first one and only by some sheer chance...a wink from old lady luck, a nudge from my cut-rate protective angel or that half-ass bet with someone who might-or-might-not have been the devil in that blood drenched trench in Northern France...and, I survived more or less in one piece...

Sorry for venting...

I still wake some nights and can hear that damn Colonel's whistle (which meant we were going over the top of the trench and out into the certain death of

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no-man's land...) but, that isn't what I meant to write you about.

As I said...I wished that I had made up this story as it is the best that I have heard in recent times and it appears to be true or as true as any such tales could be.

Given the parties involved, I would venture that it is truer than not and I should know as Claudie and I made a good living in old Siam (for quite a while) coning rubes fresh off the boat with these tales of lost treasure hidden far out in some secret jungle location that only

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we and a handful of other knew about...

So, I am a great judge of these kind of tall tales.

What was different is that there is no con, no lost treasure but what seems to be nothing more than honest-to-God archeology - like all those Nazis who filter in and out of Tibet...remember, I told you about how those guys are a strange lot, real secretive and totally lacking what my English Chum calls a civilized sense of humor.

I caught pieces of the original conversation, they were talking

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about pyramids and a various number of hidden, underground caverns out in the wilds of the Gobi Desert in what that called the lands of the "Uyghurs" or something like this. Pyramids? This isn't Egypt!

So, I tried to get a booth close enough to hear more. The conversation was heated as their voices raised on certain disagreements and from that you know that people are usually talking the truth in such cases.

They were debating on how to go further and how to secure the correct digging permits from the local Nationalist

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Government (or what little of there was left of it in Nanking).

I was fascinated by the conversation but, smartly I hung back just in case this was some scan and that did cross my mind...so I said nothing or even gave them a clue that I had heard anything.

Still, it was a great story that sparked my interest on many different levels...even if it was a con...it was a great con and one that I should commit to memory...future reference...

NO! We (Claudie, Seine or me) are not getting back into that business...besides, it doesn't

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normally work here cause everything in ancient... everything from the buildings to the trains and not to mention what they humorously call electrical power here in the fair city of Nanking.

I followed the conversation on or off for about thirty minutes and would have continued till that old Tai Pan General brought all three of his mistresses into the club and commanded that I do a portrait of each of them.

Got to make money!

By the time I got back, they had packed it in and had left

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the club.

You know how truly crazy I am about lost cities and forgotten history.

Remember that book you bought me in the flea market...there in Paris...the one about Atlantis by that American Congressman who wrote about how close the Egyptian and Mayan Languages were?

I must have read that book cover-to-cover way over ten times in the passing year...besides the very success rat races that Claudie and I ran in the trenches, there wasn't very much else to do other than

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hiding from death and the Colonel's Whistle.

As you might imagine, I wasn't going to let this story go so easily as that.

I talked to Chief Chiang... Remember, he is the really funny Chef who had trained in Paris and he was a good guy to be on terms with as he has a direct connection with the Nationalist Government - I think his brother and a couple of his distant cousins are highly placed in the government.

In fact, Chiang told me that his brother had fought the foreign devils in the Boxer Revolution

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(that freed China) and rode to the right-hand side of General Sun Yet Zen... the funny part of this story was that it was through his brother's connects that he could go to Paris to study cooking...graduated first in his class and had a wonderful little club in Peking until the Japanese Invasion.

Funny how everyone had a different path but, that we all ended up here in Nanking.

Anyway, I asked him about the two elderly gentlemen and I told you how funny he was, he looked me dead in the eye and said "everyone here is an

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elderly gentleman...young men can't afford the fine dining that my club offers..."

I told him that might be true but, I was referring to those two portly, English Gents wearing pit helmets.

He thought for a minute and said "AH Yes! Those poor tippers who were bothering my good Tai Pan Costumers with their loud discussion..."

Grabbing his shoulders, I cheered in "Yes! Those gents...where did they go and what do you know about them?"

He said that they were some sort of professors from some

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University back in England, which one he didn't remember even though they had told him.

They had been town for a couple of days and seemed to have taken a liking to his club, they always paid in good English Pounds but, were very poor tippers... "that's why the girls let them be...so they sit there in the back booth arguing with each other...several times a day..."

Besides that, he told me that they were staying in the same hotel as us...who wouldn't?

Rudy runs a good ship!

I am still checking them out

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but, I have made up my mind that I wanted to hear the whole story...just think, what a tale they might have to be told?

The mere fact that there might well be pyramids and lost cities out in the desert wilds of Western China made for a very interesting thought and one that was so very far away from the ever-enclosing pinchers of this new, coming world war.

Ado!

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A SEAT ON THE LORRY

Last week, I wrote you about running into those two mysterious, English Gents with pit helmets and high boots that were in a heated conversation about a lost city out in the wilderness of North-Western China, in an area called the Gobi Desert.

At first, I was concerned that this was a hustle...a rouge scam but, what I have since discovered by piecing together various leads has given raise to my current opinion that this is true or, at least, I am hoping that this all pans out.

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If not, lordy, this would make it
the grand-daddy of all scams -
either way, you know me...

I am hooked.

I seemingly left you at the point
of having run into them at Chef
Chang's downtown club where
I have been working doing
portraits of the various of
society Tai Pans and their
mistresses that populate the
club these days.

Good business at five francs
per portrait and I have been
able to save a large part of
these as a "get-out-town"
rescue fund as the future here
grow more uneasily scary with

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each pincher jaw of the Japanese War Machine camped now a mere fifty miles to the south-east of the city.

The city seems to live in an alternative universe even as Japanese bombers appeared recently and bombed the city's electrical and water plants.

Not much harm done to the city but rather, it did give me a personal, security wake up warning how everything might be about to change.

As all this unfolds and my hobo senses are tingling in over-drive; much to my surprise, there is no public panic, you see

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no fear in the eyes of the people still populating the clubs and even the bigwigs (who should know more than us) act like everything is like normal.

These are either the bravest people or the worse of fools in that they can't or won't see what Japanese tanks parading up Sun Yet Zen Boulevard would mean for their way of life...little alone to their safety and prospects of living a long, health life of the pleasure(s) that they have come accustom to living.

Truthfully, I don't see all this misguided behavior as being brave for I have seen brave,

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looked it in the eyes, and it is something that you can sense in Astro-aura about them.

One look at such a person and you can just sense that no matter what happens, they will come through it and land on their feet...it is hard to explain but, it is one of the survival techniques that you had to develop in the trenches, in order to stay alive.

I developed this ability early on in the Northern Killing Fields of the first Great Industrial Slaughter and most freely admit that every time I saw one of these people, I tagged

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along...hanging just a little behind just in case my skill(s) might have malfunctioned or taken an early leave.

"Au grand serieux" as you always use to start nearly every endearing conversation you had with me - the one's were you went out of your way to tag me as the rude, the villain or the mere foolish foreigner who would never understand French Culture and thus, understand you...

Seriously, these Tai Pans don't strike me as someone that I would voluntarily elect to follow out into No-Man's Land.

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They don't seem to have a clue and as such, the underlining reason to establish a rescue fund just in case, everything goes south.

I have put some thought into this and I remembered back to the philosophy of our great guru, James...about living in the present and it struck me like a lightning bolt that this was what was happening...

When one stops and observes the daily coming-and-goings of this city, it is clear to even a public-school scholar that these people seem to be living out a Late Roman believe that there

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is no tomorrow, no other world
or heaven to flee to...

"So be happy and live like there
is no tomorrow!"

Claudie and even Seine (when he
is here) are drawn deep into
this surrealistic "Au pays des
aveugles les borgnes sont rois"
world where I am the odd man
out, as I have the sight to see
the true depraved nature
to these greedy and corrupt Tai
Pan Nationalists to plunder, to
ravage the local population of
even the mere dream of
survival...mostly because, they
have already made plans to be
out of town when the Japanese

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Tanks arrive at the city's gates...leaving with their wagons loaded to the brim with all the city's treasures and wealth that could have been used to aid the survival of (at least) the women and children from the swiftly approaching Armageddon of Japanese Rage.

Anyway...sorry!

Don't mean to scare you as you always said that fear was a form of mental illness and I am not insane!

I am merely cautious...or as my English Chum says "I am very circumspect about my environment..."

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The Japanese are coming and it will be a very bad day for the vast majority of the people that are to be left in place...I have been told that it is on purpose, I have heard that the government is going to use the city's population to slow down the Japanese advance and aid them in the retreat of the main part of the army and the government.

This evacuation and the fact that there is even a plan is unknown to the general public...much for good reason, I would dare say!

If the population knew that

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they were being left behind and that they had been so readily written off by the vary people swore by oath to defend them to the death, this would already be a deserted, ghost town.

Truly, seriously...anyone with any sense would have already left town or they would have already secured a golden ticket on the last lorries out of this doomed city.

I have seen this before in the trenches of the Great War and you know, each of those fools who tried to live for the moment, they ended up dead and usually, they never went

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alone...they usually took many of their unwilling comrades with them.

Every time, I look around, I get that mojo sense of the hair standing up on the back of my neck...crazy phrase, I know doesn't make sense in French but, it is like your body being filled with an electric charge...like the time your uncle (the crazy one) stuck the fork into the wall socket...well, that may be extreme but, to a lesser extent, that is what I feel when death is stalking near me.

What will be will be...we have secured our golden tickets

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through the connections that Chef Chiang has with the Nationalist Government.

YES!

We are no better than those corrupt Tai Pans and we should be spreading the word...sounding the warning...shouting from the roof tops but, then, we aren't.

I know that you might well question how I have come to this advanced information about the betrayal of the city of Nanking...being this underpaid, starving artist working in some hooch bar...fair question?

It is because I am a starving

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artist working at five francs per portrait in a hooch bar (where it just happens to the city's Tai Pan Society party) and because they see me as a starving artist, they don't see me as a threat to their security.

I listen and occasional talk with the mistresses of the Tai Pans as I do their portraits. This is how I knew to be saving every franc I could and to become really close to Chef Chiang.

Several pages ago, I started to give you an update on those English Professors and their discovery of not a lost city but, a far greater event...a lost

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civilization that may...they said, just may...predate the unification of China by the first emperor...they have discovered remains of a series of cities, pyramids (YES! Pyramids!) and a complex of tunnels and caves in the hills surrounding mountains that may hold a depository of records from the nearby ruins.

They have been working with several Tibetan monks, yogis and this rather odd English Adventurist...I think, his name is Colonel Churchward or something like that...as I only have met him in passing.

I used my great charm to weed

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my way into the confidences of these distinguished gentlemen by my great ability to cut through government red tape and that I was able to assist them in getting their digging permits before the government falls totally apart in the coming evacuation.

Well! To be truthful, I used Chef Chiang's connections but, I did have to pay (an unreasonable fee) to get the documents stamped...access to privilege is costly...this time more than money, in this case, it is to be my time and effort in painting free portraits for the

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next two weeks, here at the club.

Anyway, I am in on the expedition and they are making plans to leave soon...they are sensible, educated men and see that they do not want to get caught here by a sudden Japanese Advance.

Out of paper and the post is about to arrive...believe it or not, the postman still shows up every day at noon...guess that he has been doing it all his life and wouldn't know how to do anything different but, thank God that this is the rule amongst the average person on

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the street and that has kept the city functioning on a near normal level of life.

Going to be taking a break from Nanking as the expedition is leaving tomorrow morning and I will be gone for almost a month as we will be journeying out to the site of the discovery hidden in the Gobi Desert.

Where we are going is hard to say but, they have made the trip several times now and they tell me that it will take us about a week to get there. Primary, we will be traveling by army trucks that they purchased from Chef Chiang's connection with enough

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petrol to get us there with the tonnage of supplies that need to be taken to kept the site up and running. They have spent a lot of English Currency to secure this tonnage of goods and merchandize but, as they said they need to think in terms that Nanking may not be a repeat trip with the drums of the war resting right outside of the city's gates. "Plan Ahead" was their moto and mantra as they were spreading the cash around rather freely.

I will be back unless they are right and there is no Nanking to return to or at least one that I would want to.

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This might be problematic as I am no longer in possession of the proper paper work of passports and visas to exit through Soviet Russia.

I am told not to worry as they have enough connections to get me through Tibet and down to India...worse case, they say.

This odd Colonel Churchward character seems to be rather well connected in India as a former officer in the Royal Army and he said that should be the least of my worries.

"Least of my worries?"

I had to ask.

He went on to explain, we had

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more to fear from bandits, local angry warlords and a few rouge Nationalist or Communist bands that populate the caravan routes that we will be traveling.

"What???"

"Nothing to worry about..."

I have discovered that is the Colonel's favorite line but, it makes me pause with wonder... if everything is not worth worrying about...maybe, just maybe, everything was worth a worry unless you are some crazy English Colonel who may have spent too much time out in the noon day sun.

Anyway, we are carrying arms

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(rifles and side arms) and we have a unit of Nationalist Troops dedicated to traveling with us...they, in fact, worry me more than the bandits.

I told Claudie and Seine to hold my seat on the lorry just in case, the Japs decide to wait out the monsoon before they take the city.

There is a lot of crazy talk about the Americans and Germans will organize the International Community here in Nanking as a "Free Zone..." Free Zone, right?

Let us ponder how well has that worked for shanghai?

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I'm excited as this is the real thing and having had some rather long conversations with the Tibetan Monks has taught me that everything, we learned in school was fake or distorted about the early history of the world.

They talked about the times of the Uyghurs as a golden age when the Gobi wasn't a great desert but a garden of lakes, rivers and great mountains of ice rivers.

I asked them as to why the Uyghurs were not in the history books and they explained that they were once in the true

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history of the creation of the world but those records had been destroyed by the Yellow Emperor when he unified the Southern Provinces to form modern China.

In fact, they told me that he so hated and feared the Uyghurs that he vowed to destroy every record or reminder of their civilization.

His soldiers burned all of the libraries, put to sword both temples and sites of learning.

In a single sloop, he created a generation without a past...he vowed to destroy its every vestige and made it punishable

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by death to merely speak the ancient language or retell its many tales of greatness.

In that single stroke of his pen, he restarted history with him alone as the founder and father of the greatness that had been China for thousands of years.

This part of the story made sense as wasn't it just the same as Caesar had tried to do with the destruction of the great library at Alexandria?

Hadn't the Conquistadors destroyed the ancient libraries of the Aztec, Incas and Mayans to prevent their cultures from having a rally point and a chance

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to rise again against the mighty Spanish Yoke?

How the Gobi, which next to the Sahara, is the greatest desert in the world...how could it have been a garden?

That is going to take some convincing evidence to pass the smell test.

But, then again, if the ruins are as massive and widespread out in the area as they claim, there must have had some great source of water to support such large populations.

I won't know until we get there and I have a chance to look

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I offered Claudie a chance to come but, he just looked at me like I was crazy... "Leave a perfectly good hotel with indoor plumbing to go look at a bunch of rocks (ruins) out in the middle of the biggest desert in the world...and there isn't any treasure to loot...are you crazy or are you kidding?"

We leave in the early morning as the professors want to be on the road before dawn so we can travel as far as we can away from Nanking and the chance of a Jap air strike on our convoy.

I am leaving this letter with Chef Chiang. I hope he mails it

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as he is still rather upset with me for skipping town owing him two weeks of free portraits...but, then, I got him a piece of the action in outfitting the expedition, so, I figure we are square even!

Had a conversation with Herr Smith today here at the club as he was trying to sell his goods and services to the professors (not knowing that I had already made a deal through Chef Chiang's connections).

He is a rather odd but nice guy for a German. He had spent his own time on the other side of some of same trenches where

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Claudie and I were hunkered down in.

In many ways, we share a common story and I have to admit that there isn't any tension nor hard feelings that I normally would feel around just a regular German.

How he ended up at the end of the world with the rest of us is a story worthy of its own book.

Maybe, he will live long enough to write it.

He had been a somewhat successful German Businessman with a somewhat nasty, degenerate urge to chase young Chinese Flappers all through the

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club, every night, like some kind of lost puppy looking for a new owner.

Don't think he was ever successful in catching many of them as he was not what we (these days) would call an attractive man with a rather large beer belly and graying, bushy mustache that the young Chinese Girls said was "lesbian" ...the actual phrase doesn't translate very good but, I hope you get the reference.

He isn't worried about the Japs and I guess that makes some sense since the Germans and the Japanese seem such a great

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(but still odd) friendship.

He is talking about closing up shop as the Nazis have stop filtering through Nanking on their way to and from Tibet. He said that for the past ten years, this had been the most profitable part of his business dealings in outfitting their expeditions and they always paid top dollar...and paid in gold...who wouldn't love customers like that?

His biggest frustration was "Those damn Chinese Business Men" who would set up factories right next to his and manufacture the very same

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things as he was and then, sell it at less than he could.

He was tired of this and he said "To be truthful..." that the only reason why he was hanging around so long was to see the Japanese put his competition out of business...leaving him the only game in town.

"And if it doesn't work out..." he said that he and his son (now 17 years old and a student at the International School here in Nanking) would be returning to Germany to start a new business.

"New business?" I asked.

He told me that Germany has

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built the world's greatest and most modern air fleet and that meant that they have a lot of pilots who will need fur lining for their flight suits (and something rather odd about some kind of space suits).

He said that as a child, he was raised on a rabbit farm and that rabbit fur was the best natural fur for keeping its warmth.

So, in fact, he was going to restart the family's old business with a special contract to the German Air Force...thanks to the connections he had made with some top Nazi who was pleased by his work here in China.

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I didn't have the heart to tell him that I was in business with those crooked, Chinese Business Men and that I had cut him out of yet another deal...little alone what my deal was with the expedition or what they were seeking.

My great grand dad, who served on many a tramp steamer in the Caribbean before being pressed into service by the Union Navy to service the blockade of Southern port cities during the Great War between the American States always said "Loose lips sink ships!"

And, I don't want to sink this

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ship...until I return...

I am still missing you.

Don't worry...!

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OUT IN THE GOBI

I had hoped to keep a journal to record the daily travel to the expedition's site in the far reaches of the Gobi Desert but, faith, the weather and a rather rude, young Nationalist Soldier in urgent need of toilet paper did their best to put an end to any such silly a thought about doing a book about this adventure.

The Nationalist Soldiers were for the most part young recruits with dare I say, with very little or no formal military training.

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But I was thankful that they made the journey with us.

Not in regards to their ability to protect us...which I have my serious reserves about...

A quick overview of them as a group would help you understand why the Japanese were winning the war.

They were a sorry lot of soldiers, mostly young but there were a few that you could tell had grown up in the city's brutal clans or worst out on the street without the protection of the Clans.

It would be hard to imagine their ability to march or drill in

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a straight line little alone
defend us in any practical way
other than as a physical shield.

You could wisely bet that at the
very first sign of trouble they
would disappear to the winds or
worse yet, kills us all in our
sleep and taking off with all our
treasures.

The only thing that (I truly
believe) kept them trudging
along with us was the fact that
they had nowhere else to go
that was as safe as they were
with us.

Should they go back, they would
be the first killed in the battle
of Nanking without the Tai Pan

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Generals even breaking a sweat.

They couldn't go north-east unless they wanted to get conscripted into the communist gangs that controlled vast areas of the wasteland of that area. They couldn't go west as they lacked funds or paperwork to get across the Soviet borders (sound familiar?).

Their best hope was to stay with us as we had food, water and other than an occasional scavenger, we had yet to encounter the dreaded bands of bandits that Colonel Churchward warned were just up ahead, around the next bend.

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He truly is a strange man.

He is a military man of good upbringing in that classic English School of "A Gentleman's Duty" that I had so often seen in the northern trenches.

Most of them actually gave their lives rather quickly for God, King and the military, political industry that led a generation of factory workers to their early deaths in the trenches of Northern France in the name of FREE Trade!

This is maybe the real reason as to why I feel unconvertable with the Colonel.

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I have not had any time to spend in getting to know him as we do not share a common thread by his lack of service in the great war.

This only put his worthiness of trust in question as he may be a full Colonel but, he has not been tested by the blood of battle.

Would he stand tall or buckle and run when faced with any serious threat from bandits or rouge military units.

This uncertainty made me feel uneasy in his company or to trust his declarations about how to deal with threats to our security.

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I may now be a failed, starving artist from a hooch club in Nanking but, there was a time, when I was tested and I stood true to Claudie, Seine and my fellow comrades unlike our Colonel.

The first real challenges were yet to come and as we travelled for two more days through this wilderness kingdom, everywhere was total poverty and it didn't take much to see the true wretchedness of its scattered inhabitants which seemed rather odd given the fact that the professors tell me that this part of the country is naturally

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endowed with astonishing wealth, especially in gold and silver mines.

My question back was to the effect, if this area is so rich then why are the people so desperately poor?

Who controls the mines?

Who controls the wealth?

"There is not a clean answer and it depends upon which day of the week that you ask..." was their answer back to me.

This was their first area of concern as the area had occasioned many of its worst calamities from warlords or the government.

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"Notwithstanding, the rigorous government prohibition to work these mines" they explained why we might find large bands of Chinese Outlaws assembled together in mass, and marching, swords in hand, to dig into them.

It might be noted that we were told that these outlaw bands professed to be endowed with a peculiar, uncanny capacity for discovering precious metals as they were guided (according to their own account) by their ability to read the conformation of mountains, and by the sorts of plants they produce.

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While we wondered at such a natural gift; our hosts tempered our excitement by a well thought out reason(s) why they considered this a bad omen, a terrible curse.

It was said that "one single man, possessing this fatal gift, will be suffice to spread desolation and outright ruin over a whole district.

Soon afterwards, our hosts illustrated this by introducing us to one such man.

He was a courtly youngster of some education whose "curse" propelled him to be the head of thousands and thousands of

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outcasts, who overspread the country, and render it the carney theatre of every crime."

While some bandits are occupied in working the mines others pillage the surrounding districts, sparing neither persons nor property, and committing excesses which the imagination could not conceive, and which continue until some Tai Pan, powerful and courageous enough (that seems unlikely given the current state of the government) to suppress them, is brought within their operation, and takes measures against them accordingly.

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We were lucky to have the brother of one the area's worst warlords traveling in our company at this point of time and location and it did offer us a great deal of security as we traveled under his brother's banners and most bandits were not interested in picking a fight because of that.

Our greatest fear is that we would lose a greater part of our young, Nationals Soldiers - who now had a better option than us and this did prove to be the case, as the next morning at the break of camp we discovered that we had lost eight of the guard.

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In fact, this may prove to be a blessing as the ones that left were those young clan and street kids that I wrote to you about earlier.

I was rather happy to see them leave and I knew that they would be welcomed into this new world of banditry, out here in the wilderness.

So far, we have transited towards the site without difficulty other than the deepening sands that cover the old pilgrim roads that we traveled now.

More later...unless it becomes toilet paper...

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Today, we had to deal with an outpost, a residual of the Kuomintang and the professors spent (what seemed to be hours) in intense negotiations with the local Kuomintang authority for transit visas to move the supplies and equipment across their district.

Although most imagine the Kuomintang as being the ruling party here in China, rather they are more like a country club or fraternity where Kuomintang membership carried privileges rather than obligations.

I will never understand why many distinguished and active

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citizens either refused to join, or let their purely nominal membership ride along in the baggage car of the Kuomintang's rail car.

Membership was for life unless you pissed off the wrong Tai Pan then, it became blood in...blood out...quick and righteous justice swiftly delivered in truest warlord fashion as the dropping of a sharp blade crashing down on your exposed neckline.

Maybe, the idea of blood in and blood out was a hindrance for many of the freedom loving people that sacrificed so much

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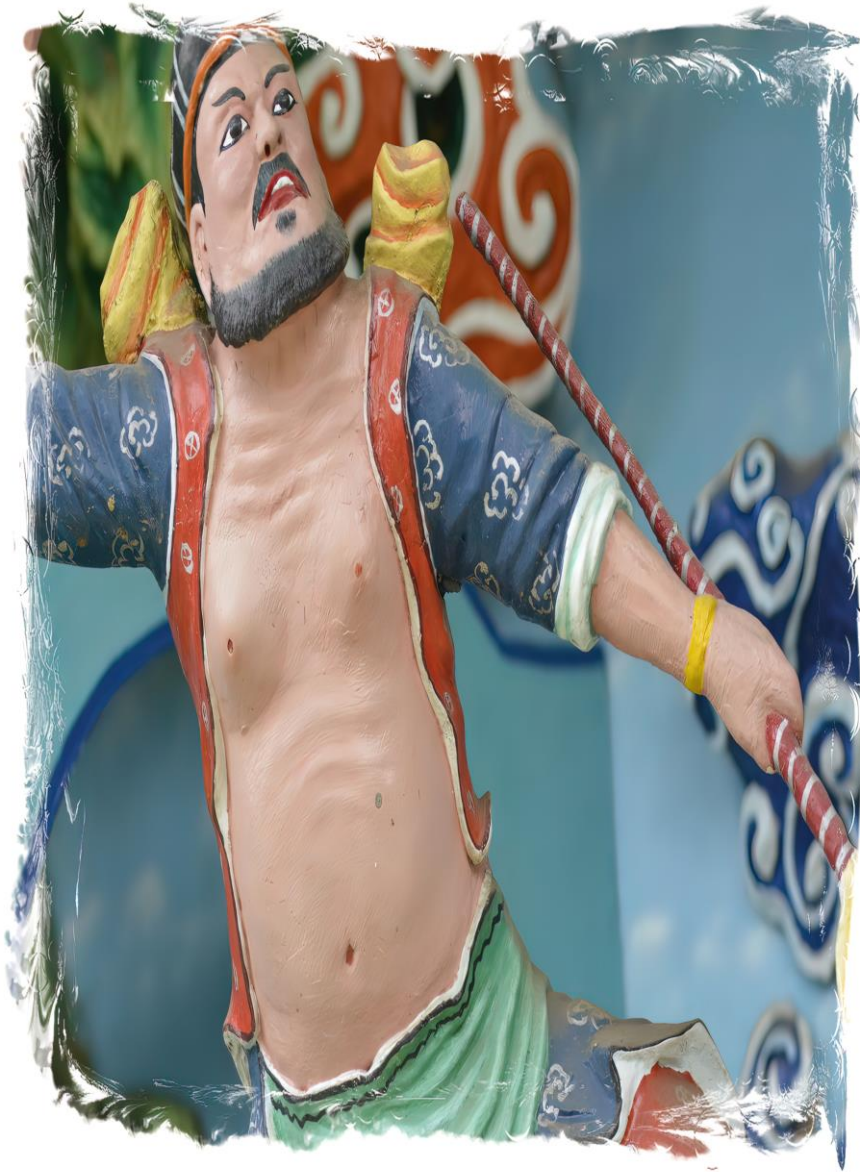
in the Boxer Revolt to make China free but, in fact, only allowed the Tai Pans and the very rich to seize the very fabric of the nation for their sole benefit and reward... turning the political equation into mere "you are either with us or you are against us..." solution.

The Party seemed to have been saved from complete decline mostly because it included most of the government personnel, and new recruits to government service gave it some freshness, vigor and its ability to correct completely and utterly...become

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a good old boy or die is a simple solution to any internal critics.

This government was in fact, well-designed, functioning de facto and able to meet most of the specialized problems of modern administration of being a crude hierarchy of soldiers and tax gatherers... someone must pay for the unlimited life styles of the rich and connect and here we were in the middle of nowhere having to negotiate with the local Kuomintang wanted to collect a road usage tax...for a central government (800 miles from where we were at) that (in fact) no longer existed.

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That was the official concern although, it was clear that these guys where Kuomintang Bandits...bandits with uniforms and rank...

They were in this for anything that they could extort from us and probably, then some...

The presence of the warlord's brother was our trump card that we held in reserve...just in the case that the officials would become totally unreasonable and that was the deal with the Warlord.

It was expected that the professors would handle the daily operations and the

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greasing of Kuomintang palms - which was a normal, everyday part of doing business here in China.

Only if the negotiations turned to the pulling of weapons or a few shots fired in anger would the warlord's brother step in and unfold his brother's banner and thus, resolve the issues in our favor. It was a hell of service for which the expedition paid handsomely for. What was the cost?

That seems way above my pay grade in this organization and those who knew selected not to share.

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After a while, you learn when to push and when to just shut your mouth and walk away.

Several hours later, everything was resolved and we were again on the road to our destination without a shot being fired.

Wang Ch'ing-wei is a name that if spoken is accompanied by a spit on the ground for his great betrayal last year in going over to the Japs.

Chinese negligence, corruption, and a little treachery worked in his favor...as it was said that he looked into the future and it was said that he saw the rising sun.

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I understand Marshal Ch'ing...as I see the same thing and it looks that he might just be proven to have been the greatest of prophets and made the smart choice.

"At this point, it isn't my fight" and that was my answer to the young Nationalist soldier that came snooping around... maybe, trying to find more toilet paper?

For over three years, Generalissimo Chiang and his Tai Pan Generals were locked in this fool's errand to "...a period of counter-attack in which the Chinese, having prepared

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themselves technologically during the stalemate and having weakened the enemy by a test of endurance, should drive the Japanese back into the sea..."

I remember reading this quote from the Chinese Political Department of the Military Affairs Commission and thinking how stupid it was in effectively dealing with the Japs and their ever-increasing adventurism in making this a global war.

Maybe, they thought that China is a very large country and at a certain point, the Japs will over extent themselves and discover like Napoleon did with Russia...a

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century ago...that he had bitten off more than he could chew.

But, the foolish part of this was that China was not 1800's Russia and obviously this plan was better suited to a country rich in territory and population, but poor in materials and resources...Not China...in which to yield intact cities, factories, communications, mines, docks, warehouses and the other goods of business; such a plan would only profit Japan unless you destroyed everything as you withdrew in a Russianist scorched earth policy.

This destruction was not to be

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as even the most patriotic, loyal Tai Pan could not come to put torch to their property and businesses.

This was what Marshal Ch'ing had warned as early as 1934.

It is little surprise that as he saw the great cities fall one by one...especially Canton - which fell without (almost) a shot being fired.

The Japs just walked in and the greatest action that day was from the local Kuomintang ward leaders and local Tai Pans rushing to cut a deal or court favor with their new Jap overlords.

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By last year, he truly felt that he was on the wrong side of history and switched sides.

The reason that I shared Marshal Ch'ing's story was that it is the most important dilemma facing the average person here in China.

What price do you put on freedom...a fake freedom that you never really had unless you were rich and connected through the party of select membership (and to the benefit of the few) in the Kuomintang.

After we wasted a day with these greedy fools and thinking about my conversation with the

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young soldier about his inability to process Marshal Ch'ing and his decision to join the Japanese against China. I wish that I could have explained better that Marshal Ch'ing's actions were not a betrayal of China but, was his personal rejection of Generalissimo Chiang's Tai Pan management of the war and frustration to "how the clowns seem to be running the whole circus..."

That is the closest English translation that makes sense from the Marshal's statement as he departed for the Japanese Imperial Command Headquarters.

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BY DAY TEN

It has been a long haul over what seems to be truly, a desert hell of little or no hope. The dust and sand have crept into everything and everywhere... personally and equipment wise.

The last several days were more or less uneventful as even bandits stay out of this section of the wastelands of the Gobi...

Thinking back to my conversation with the Tibetan Yogi about how the Gobi had once been a garden...
I just can't see it.

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Granted there are an extensive number of dried river beds that would make one pounder that there had not been a much different climate here in some distant time and there is the occasional oasis where (without failure) we always deal with a massive sea of beggars or some faction of the remains of the reactionary Kuomintang crooks that once held this area in check.

For the most part, we have fared this adventure more or less in one piece.

This is a strange land with many wonders.

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It was on this day that we first ran into what looked to be a massive sea of green glass.

The whole of the actual desert was covered with a strange megalithic, metallically colored green glass like rocks.

Literally, as far off into the horizon, all you could see where these strange rocks littering the entire landscape.

I took a couple of samples which I had planned to bring back but, the professors made me put them back as they said that the rocks had a strange property that had made workers on the last trip sick

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after a constant exposure to them. So much for my unusual souvenirs...SORRY!

I asked Professor Jones-Smite about these rocks. I asked what they were and how they came to be out here in the middle of nowhere.

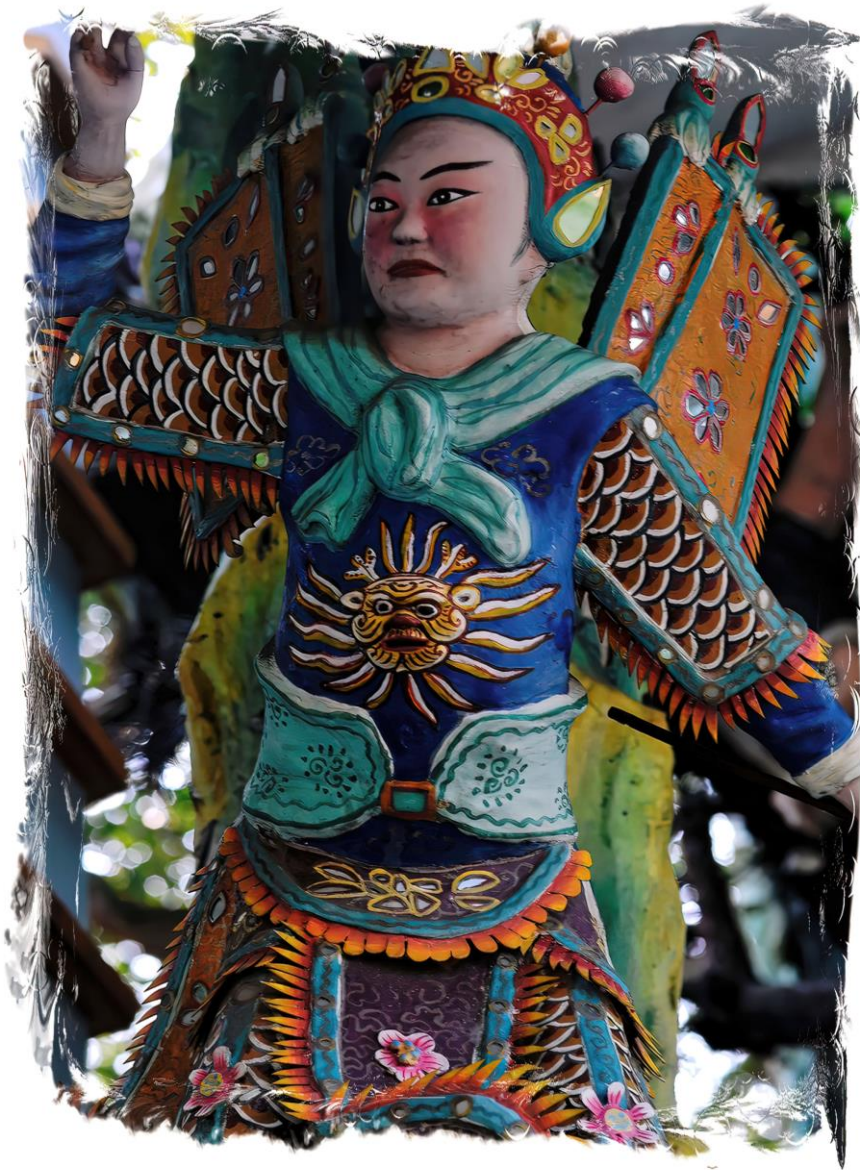
He took a few minutes to explain that he wasn't sure what they were...he said that he wasn't a geologist but, they might be part of some ancient comet as they had a metal quality to them.

He said that they were not volcanic and how they came to be was indeed rather odd.

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He did mention (in passing) that they have run into similar outcroppings of this glass (to more or less extent) elsewhere in their travels in the Gobi and even stranger, they have been found them in associate with many of the "Uyghurs" Ruins but, "I don't know what the actual connection(s) are..." was our parting comment as he was called back to his duties of managing the convey.

The days are hot but, at night the temperatures drop to the extent that we need to light fires to stay warm.

The weird temperature swings

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play havoc on your health and I have found myself not up to my normal spunk and vigor.

As I said that we need a fire at night but, here in the desert, wood is rare and what little vegetation is so limited that it is almost impossible to keep any fire burning properly for the endurance of the night hours.

Luckily, the expedition had some plans for this but, we have now taken to scavengering odd pieces of wood off the trucks and crates...hopefully, it will only be a few more days until we reach base camp and more permanent accommodations.

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BASE CAMP:

After a full twenty days, we are finally here and I must say that I am impressed by the size and scope of their facilities and can also, better understand the need of the Warlord and his brother's presence with us.

This location...the camp...would be rich picking for any bandits, Kuomintang tug or some variation of rouge military units...and maybe, some day when the Japs finally arrive, they will want a piece of the action (but knowing how greedy they are...they will just take it all)...

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So, to have the meanest, the most feared warlord in the area in our back pocket was well worth the price...whatever, it had truly been.

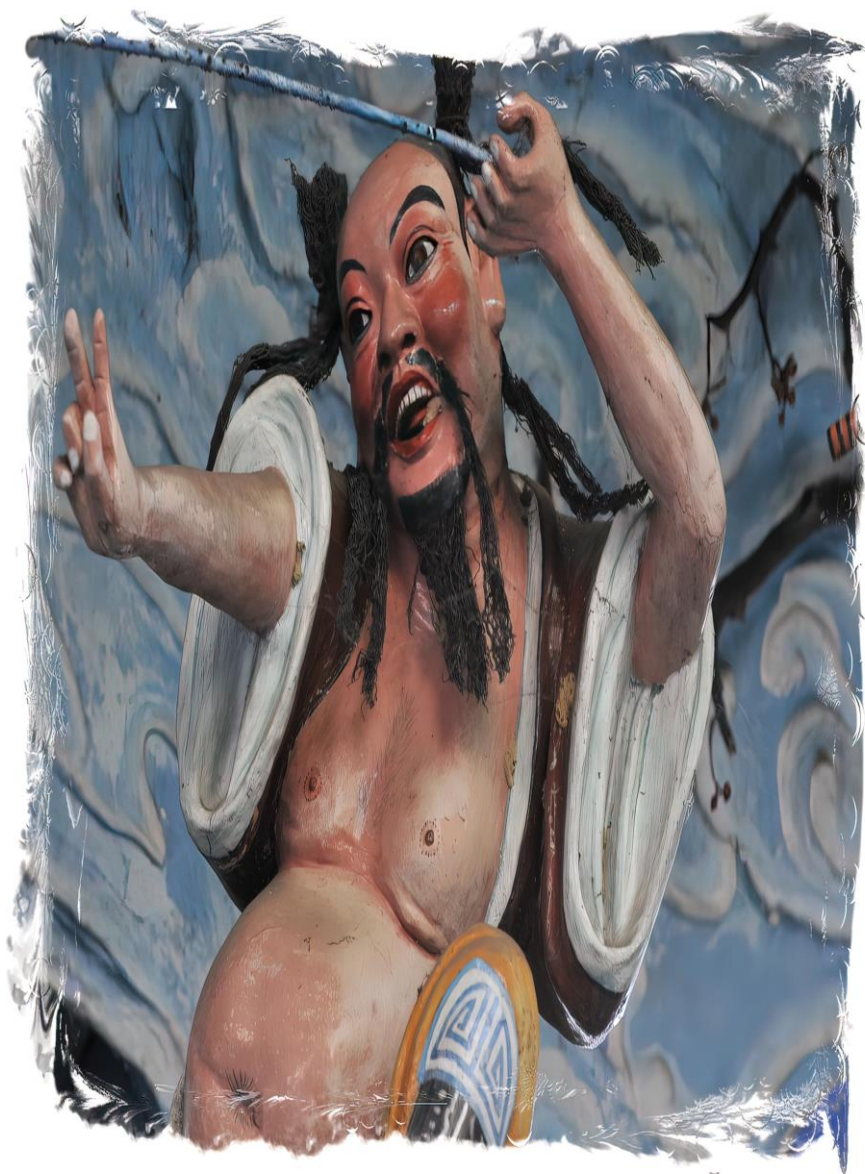
Having observed the parade for the past twenty days, it is clear that the price that the professors were willing to pay was to make the warlord a full partner and that would explain the presence of his most trusted adviser...the person who he trusted the most...that's why is brother travels with us.

Finally, a proper shower and shave...I no long have the look of some vagabond, Nubian Wonderer.

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It is nice to set down to a proper meal and share a drink or two in celebration of the completion of our travels although the professors broke off the evening as tomorrow, early, was a work day and they need to be brought up to pace with the current digging as they have been gone...off to Nanking...for rather an extended time and much had been discovered.

Looking around...there were no great pyramid(s) and the ruins at the base camp seemed to follow Claudie's echoing prediction about a pile of

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rocks...I was becoming rather melancholy and was secretly, reconsidering my choices when by chance, I ran into one of the archeologists that had been working here at the camp for what he said was the past three digging seasons and that conversation did a great deal to bring cheer back to my spirit by explaining that the main ruins where about ten kilometers up the valley...up near the surrounding mountains.

The old feelings have
Shanghaied my mind and I can
hardly outwait the remaining
hours of night and anxiously

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await the arrival of the Bhagwan Bob (the sunrise) and the fulfillment of my long, exhausting journey out into the lawless, badlands of the waste of the Gobi.

I will update you, hopefully, this coming evening...I found that they are rather well connected to the outside world by wireless and a bi-weekly flight (by bi-plane) ...

I discovered this by chance, as I heard static-laced, music that floated over the empty and normally quite desert and went to discover the source of the sound.

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Four cups of coffee and it is still more hours left until the Bhagwan Bob revisits and we will be off for my first visit to the lost city of the Uyghurs.

Will stop here as my candle is on its last wick and my hands are shaking too heavily from the cold northerly winds that whip wildly through our threadbare tents in order to continue my journal tonight to you.

Thought are always with you!

Ado!

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RUMAGING ABOUT THE RUINS

I was greeted by a friendly but were busy archeologist... aka...digger... who took the time to explain that when the clay, the shattered building stones and a wide scattering of pieces of crushed pottery sherds were deposited amongst this crushed, burnt and pounded layer of cover rocks; this indicates that they seem to have picked up the detritus of some great mass or force, and were whirled wildly and where then, deposited back it in what he called the "intercalated beds."

He said that the artifacts from

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this level seem all mangled as if some super, cyclonic wind had been at work among the mass.

He took a moment of reflection and added:

"While the till above these layers are devoid of any remains, it would stand to reason that these "intercalated beds" should contain some form of humanity mingled in their layers given the apparent, sudden destruction of what (he assumed) was a large urban community but, we have found absolutely nothing?"

Whatever was in or on the soil was seized upon, was carried up

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into the air, then cast down, and mingled among the till.

He only knew that whatever had cause this utter destruction was unknown to the sciences as he knew it but, what is clear is that no one or nothing has existed here since then.

That was my introduction to the primary dig site that they have invested the past three dig seasons to exploring and what has been unearth created more questions than it gave answers primality because there seems to have been a massive geology upheaval that defiled modern science's ability to successfully

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explain "what happened here?"

The main dig is about 10 kilometers further up the dried river valley from the base camp. The area is rather fragile and the use of the lorries were forbidden as the whole of the valley was filled with potential dig sites and the ground was so unstable that even the vibrations of passing lorries has (in the past) rendered the actual ruins to dust.

Due to this very factor, every access and even walking off the established pathways is cause to send even a seasoned digger off the site and banned.

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It is, in retrospect, hard to imagine what I had truly thought that I would see here... maybe, I was expecting the Giza Plateau or the Valley of the Kings... I don't know but, that was the tourist in me thinking.

When I verbalized my disappointment towards my guide up on the high clearing that overlooked most of the valley and I felt rather stupid as he started pointing out visages of what must have been a city the size of 1900's London (but somewhat more advanced, laid out and planned city) in its heyday.

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We then turned around and looked directly at the massive hill that rose over a thousand feet or so directly above our heads and this is when he introduced me to the Uyghurs' giant pyramid.

He took kindness on my impatience by making a joke that I should come back in fifty years and I might feel more impressed by what is without a doubt "the greatest, pre-historic city to yet be discovered since the lost city of Troy."

From this hillside vista, and now knowing what to look for, I

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began to see how vast this city had been as it stretched out to cover the entire valley floor as far as I could see back towards the base camp.

It will take many years and forever to uncover the full of the city and that was sad, as I had hoped that I could walk through actual ruins like Claudie and I had in Angkor Wat...hidden in the vast jungles of the North-Western part of French Indo-China.

Then again, those ruins are historical and while still ancient, they do not come close to this discovery of a massive city that

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existed long before history (as we know it) actually started.

"There might be the cause of explaining the city's demise to some dramatic, geological instead of to human cause by taking a look at those mighty excavations, hundreds of feet deep that we have discovered, in which are now the southwestern section of the great city, and from which, as we have seen, great cracks radiate out in all directions, like the fractures in a pane of glass where a stone has struck it. All surrounded by that strange, metallic green glass that we spoke of earlier..."

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Looking from our vantage point overlooking most of the buried city, you could make out the depressions, cracks in the bedrock and a unidirectional plastering of slimmer, green glass like rocks.

Digger didn't have anything to add or speculated as to what the depressions were or what had created them other than he had seen meteor craters that he had seen in a place in Northern Arizona's high desert (that's in the American South-West).

"Maybe, the city was destroyed by a meteor?" was the only

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opinion that he would cause to venture in terms modern science.

Outside of science, he mentioned the story from the bible about Sodom and how the power of God had destroyed the whole city in a blink of the eye and its story as recorded within the pages of the bible seem to mirror what he says that they have found here in the destruction of this great city.

"Funny...we have found no human remains? Whatever happened here, the people we assume were for the most part

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departed - as if they knew something was going to happen. It is just strange!"

"The only area where we have found human remains or proof that there were people here after the city's destruction were in the caverns, tunnels and caves that honeycomb the entire length of the surrounding mountain-sides...and that is where we are mounting our renewed efforts to learn more about the civilization that lived here because, here in the caverns we have found many amazing artifacts and documents...all written in some

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unknown language or languages..." was Digger's parting advise as the professor called him to come help with something.

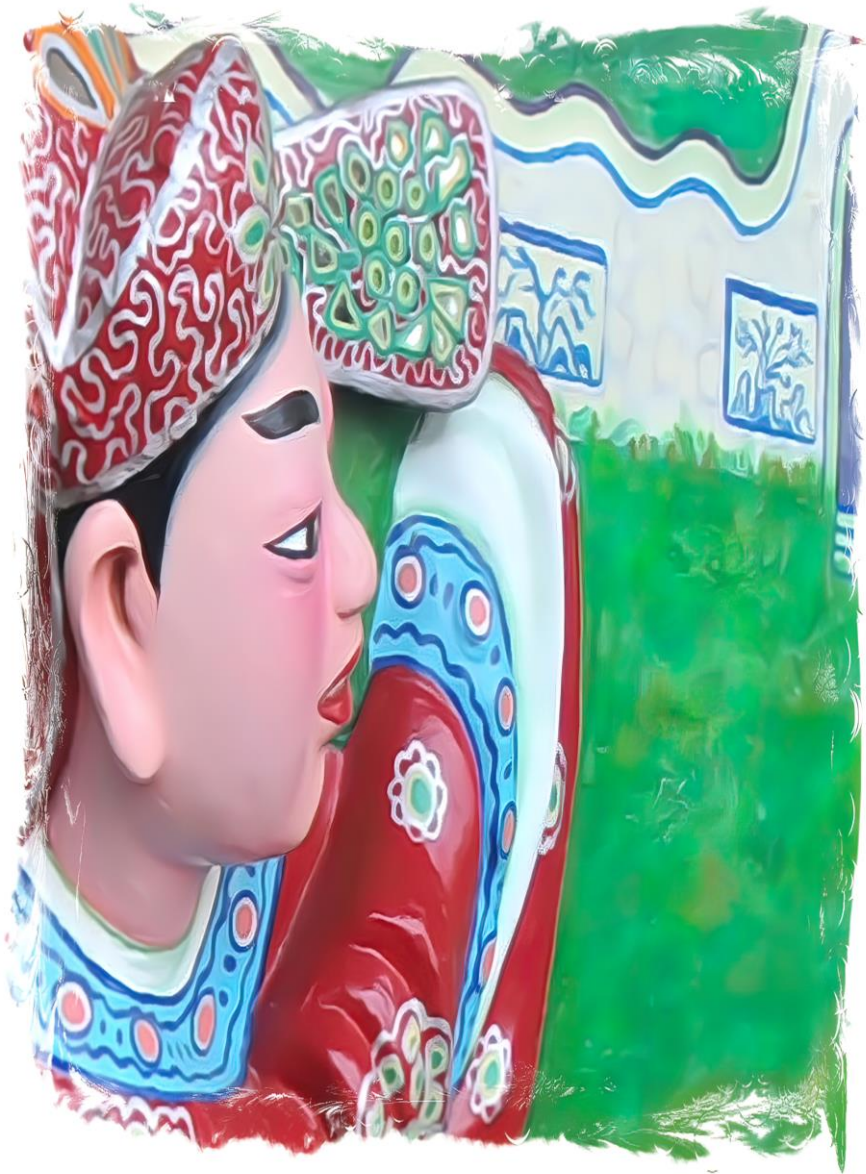
It was a real hike to get to the entrance to the cravens that Digger had shared with me but once there, I saw the familiar faces of Colonel Churchward and several of the yogis lost in a heated conversation over something that the Colonel had just found gathering dust in one of the crates resting near the entrance.

I stood and watched the conversation peter out and a

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round smiles returned to their faces as they seemed to finally come to agreement on.

The rest of my day was spent with them in the caverns and much like that bratty, six-year-old, I quizzed them on what everything meant and what must have been an endless series of "what's this?"

I inquired with the yogi as to what the argument was about and what had been the conclusions?

He stared at me and gave me a long look; I think trying to determine whether or not he should waste his energy on me.

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Then he showed me and read from what looked like a thick, fabric like paper fragment written in some script unknown to me.

"A sudden flash and pulsation of light which vibrated for several seconds through it, and the tail appeared during the continuance of the pulsations of light to be lengthened by several degrees and then again contracted."

Then, he looked at me and after a pause to read my attention, "what does this mean?"

I thought carefully and then it struck me that it was what

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Digger had been explaining about the geology of the end of the city and how it might have been destroyed by a meteor or by God.

I told the yogi that I thought that it was an eyewitness report about the destruction of this great city.

He stopped and turned back to me and said what makes you say this?

Before he thought that I was some genius, I explained my conversation with Digger and how this account matched up with what I had been told about the end of the city.

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Then, I added that since the people of the city had left, they understood that the city was to be destroyed and that explains why there are only human remains here in the caverns that must have protected those inside from whatever forces destroyed the city.

"These cravens must hold a record of these people and their history?" was my question to the yogi in return.

Not a real talkative guy to say the least...but, he did say "You are a very smart man..."

The rest is the story that he told me.

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It is not meant to be totally correct as this was his opinion and the reason that he had traveled so far from his ministry in Tibet was to discover the truth.

So, he said "The truth of all may not come within my lifetime but, at least we have found the temple of records that have talked about in the most ancient of the surviving texts and we must work fast before the powers of evil descend upon us and utterly erase this last glimpse at the truth..."

I had earned the right now to follow him for the remainder of

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the day and then back at the base camp...

I spent several hours in conversation with the yogi about things that I could have never even dreamed.

Seems that most of the truths that I held from my semi-classical, western education were fake and some where even outright lies.

Given another place, in another place; I would have written it all off as just a wild story being told by some wild guy from deep in the mountains of Tibet looking for a free drink or two.

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I wouldn't have been in a place nor in the right state of mind to have taken the time to listen.

"There was a time before the history as we know it...it was a time when the world was already ancient and mankind had rose and fallen several times before...

Here in what is now desert was once...what do you Christians call it?

Yes!

This desert was a garden and the land was rich in grains, rivers and lakes full of fish...man lived here in several

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great cities that lived in peace and everything was in harmony with nature.

War was rarely known and was only used as the last resort and only to protect. They had mastered the secrets powers of the universe, had technologies that allowed them to travel to the most distant parts of this planet within a blink of an eye and they were just and faithful to the ways of God.

As I said, civilizations have risen and then have fallen more than once in the long history of our planet and it was so with these people.

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Their souls grew weak, they no longer held to the old traditions nor believes and the end, they even chose to revolt again God himself.

With their fall came wars and the invasion of other peoples who now wanted the riches of their cities...since, they were no longer protected by the sheer will of God.

Long years of war took the toll on the cities and on the people that for the first time in their memory...they now understood suffering and even death.

Technology that had so enlightened them and made

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them powerful had now been reduced and mostly forgotten by the whole of the people as God had blinded their minds and each generation seemed to understand less and less...much as with our world today!

Within this was a small brotherhood who had sworn faith to the old believes and they were the called the "True Keepers" of technology...all of which they hid in the catacombs of the scared mountains that surrounded their greatest city. Civilization had fallen and men no longer had the means to travel to distant parts of the

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earth with their technology gone.

Man traveled by foot or horseback and killing, pillaging and other means of horrible death became a part of their everyday lives.

The cities now rose walls and tried to protect their cities from the vast armies of strangers who had amassed in the east and south.

By the dawn of the last generation, all but the greatest of the great cities had fallen into ruin and what was left of the people and the remains of the scared technology that each

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city possessed fell into the city.

This is that city.

The people called upon the brotherhood, they prayed for them to come out of their scared mountains and help them overcome the massive armies that rested not far from the great city's walls.

The brotherhood had sworn to the old ways and they explained that the scared technology could not be used to smite the enemies of the people but could only be used for the protection of the people.

There were long debates and

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enemies was the protection of the people.

But, by the end, the brotherhood was not convinced even as the southern army besieged the very gates of the great city.

The brotherhood feared that if the city fell those technologies long lost to mankind would be left to the pickings of the victors.

From the records that I read as a child in Tibet tell of this time in great detail and how it was with the heaviest of hearts they needed to act.

To save the city they had to

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destroy it.

The brotherhood told the people that they had very little time and that they must escape...flee the city...out through the uncontested mountain paths that lead to the east out of the garden paradise. They were told to take only what they could carry and that all technologies must be left or that death would surely befall those who dared...like in your bible...turn to salt or was it ash or was it carbon soot?

Twelve hours later...

"A sudden flash and pulsation of light which vibrated for several

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seconds through it, and the tail appeared during the continuance of the pulsations of light to be lengthened by several degrees and then again contracted."

In a wink...the garden of mankind had become a wasteland...dead and deserted of all life.

In fact, it was many generations before explorers could again travel in what was now the Gobi Desert.

Now you know what we know and I hope you sense our sense of urgency?"

This was a lot to absorb and

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even more to process but, "I thought that the brotherhood was committed to not killing...how could they destroy the city and kill the army at the gates...but, Digger said, they found no human remains within the city...where are the bodies of that army???"

"Yes...my son...you have listened..." the yogi said with a smile.

It seems as the yogi has pieced together that the brotherhood keeping true to the believes and codes of their order, the brotherhood sent a messenger to the king of the seize army

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and warned him that they would destroy the city and that they must withdraw their army as quickly as they could. "Time is short!" they warned the southern king...to prove their point they destroyed the other cities that had been deserted and abandon after being overrun...

Within minutes the ground shook in a mighty quake, fire, ash and smoke rose in great columns from the distant horizon...there then came a mighty roar directly from heaven and warhorses and elephants broke in panic and ran

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amok in the ranks of the
amassed army.

The messenger then repeated
"Your time is limited! You must
vacate the field or die with this
great city!"

It was written that the
southern king trembled with
fear and without awaiting his
word, his army dropped their
weapons and fled back to the
safety of the south. "Thus" said
the yogi "There were no bodies
to find...the brotherhood had
done their part in accordance to
their codes...twelve hours later,
the great city was no
more...anymore questions?"

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Legends tell us that, as the ancient technology approached the city, that is, as it entered the local atmosphere and combined with it, it gave forth world-appalling noises, thunders beyond all earthly thunders, roaring's, howling's, and hissings, that shook the entire valley and then anyone looking directly were blinded or far worse...if they were too close.

If you were close, as the southern king's rear guard were, they blistered and had their skin rot away in blood blisters that over took their entire bodies without warning.

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"Yes, I do. I understand now about the city and some about its end but, why did the Yellow Emperor hate these people so that he would destroy all written records and teachings of the time before he rose and united the southern kingdoms?"

"That is a brilliant question, youngster!" the yogi said with a deep nod. I was very touched to have such a learned and knowledgeable man pray me such respect. I smiled secretly and awaited his answer.

This was a complicated and long story that would be a book in itself but, the shortened

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version was that the Yellow Emperor was the great, great grandson of that southern king and as the story goes, that king was slow to withdraw his personal guard as his greed still called and pleaded with him to seize the great city and was caught in the great fireball that laid total ruin to the home of the Great Uyghurs People...their home since before time could remember.

He survived as did the majority of his army but, unknown to them, they had paid a terrible price.

Coming home, they were a mere

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remembrance of the great warriors that marched on Eden.

The returned soldiers and their commanders were often ill without any known cause or notion other than they had been cursed. Into future generations, this proved to have been true as their descents were runtied or defective when they just didn't die at birth.

They blamed the king and made revolt against him and the country fell into a long period of lawlessness.

For hundreds of years the world fell into total chaos and barbarism where death was

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much preferred over life.

The former Uyghurs never regained their kinship with God as they had been cast out of Eden...naked and without means of survival.

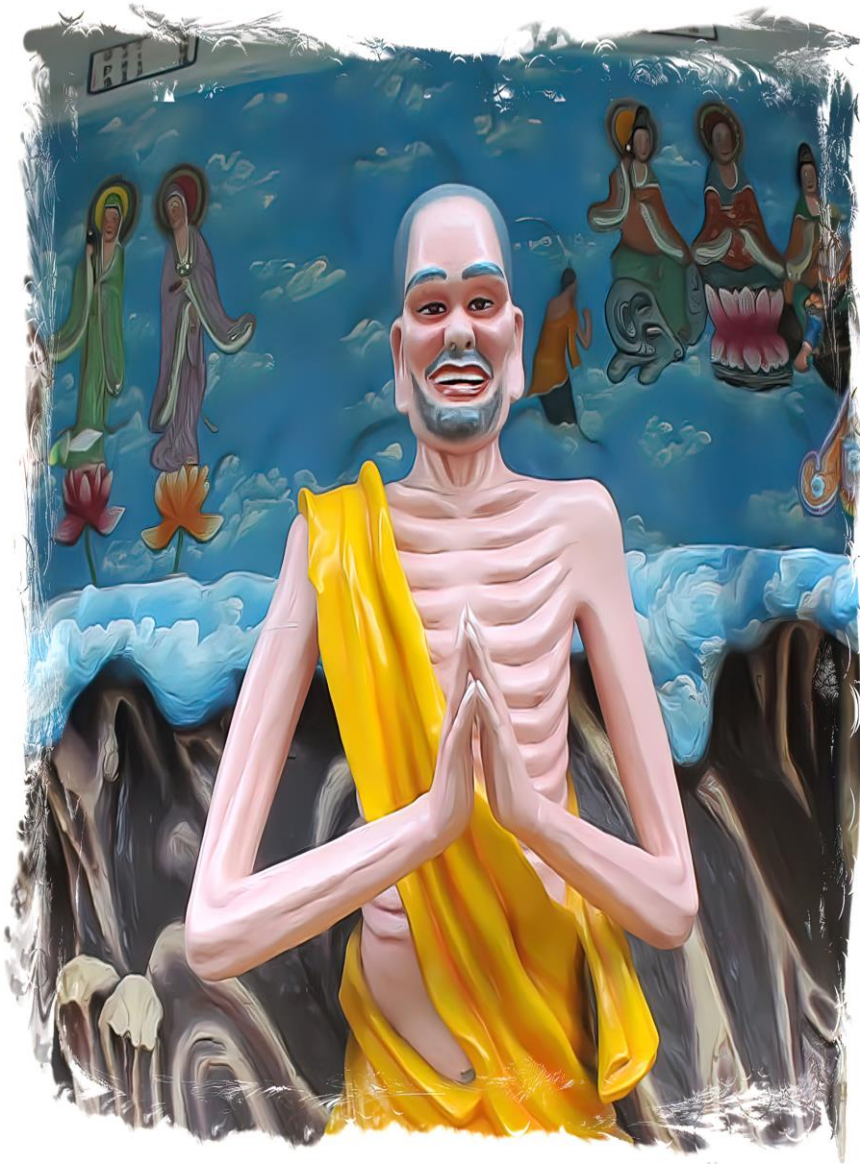
They fell prey to the wolves of the grass plains and the few that lived, settled in the land between the great rivers and spent their wealth, fortune and souls trying to regain the ear of God.

The great garden was now an unpassable land of waste and deserts grew much as the wheat and grains use to.

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These were said to be a land
the was protected by the
demons of the dark and offered
death to any traveler who dared
to enter.

There were always those who
would try as the tales of the
Uyghurs and their scared
technologies lived long after
they were gone.

There were stories passed from
generation to the next and
there was the tale of a
brotherhood...angels who
safeguarded the ancient
technologies... that they had a
secret fortress in which they
kept all of the ancient

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technology to prevent man from ever again destroying his world.

It was said that if you could find the fortress, you would gain the powers of the ancients and would rule the world.

"This is what those Nazis had come to my ministry seeking," said the yogi. "It was then that my master introduced me to this young English soldier who had learned the ancient Uyghurs Language and had been instructed in the manner of their magic. We have spent the past ten years to reach this point and prevent the Nazis from gaining the power of the ancients!"

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"That was Colonel Churchward?"
I asked and the yogi nodded.

"We must take this knowledge
and safeguard it as mankind is
not yet ready to have such
great powers...power without
understanding is destined for
ruination..." the yogi seemed to
plea with me.

"Come with me in the morning,
there is one greater secret that
you must know..." and I told the
Yogi that I would be awaiting
him as the Bhagwan Bob...he
chuckled.

"In all people...the master
teaches us that the mind of one
generation precisely repeats

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the minds of all former generations; that the very construction of our intellectual nature varies no more, from age to age, than the form of the body or the color of the skin; each generation feel the same emotions, and think the same thoughts, and use the same expressions...

The master says that this is to be expected, for the brain is as much a part of the inheritable, material organization as the color of the eyes or the shape of the nose."

This was how the yogi greeted me with and we started the day

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with him taking me by the hand as we walked deeper within the darkened catacombs of the caverns of the scared mountain.

With that type of introduction and the long walk down the silent, empty hallways gave me much time to mill over what the Yogi had asked.

Did he expect an answer?

Was this a test or was it merely a conversation starter used in Tibet?

"Yogi? I am at a lost in how to respond to your morning greeting?"

That I was and I was growing

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NANKING'S PREMIER GENTLEMAN'S SALON



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uneasy by his continued silence as we walked down what seemed like a maze or the welcoming web of the hungry spider.

"What I want you to understand is that what was...is still and that still will always be.

Does that make sense to you that times change but, the realities of the human being do not evolve nor do they change." The Yogi said finally breaking his long silence.

"So, Darwin and those scientists have gotten it wrong?"

"What does your heart tell you?" was the return challenge of a Yogi that was growing

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impatient with a slow student.

While focusing in on the conversation with the Yogi, I had lost track of how far we had travel, which directions that we had gone, how many times we turned...was it left?

Was it right?

We had arrived in a giant records room with the walls covered with historical craving that told an ancient history of the Uyghurs.

"This is the Hall of the People...there is another hall of technology and yet several others which we haven't determined if there is a theme

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like here...I cannot show you the Hall of Technology as it would put you in danger as there are those who have been killed by those greedy for the ancient technologies.... even now, I fear that I have put your life in jeopardy but, it is the missing piece that you will quickly see.?"

The large hall was wired with lighting from the distant generators that hummed up on the surface but, which seemed silent in the large hall.

The Yogi's words were true...looking at the many panels and the most striking feature was the main characters,

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warriors, priests and madams were all dark skinned.

This was unusual as I have been to many ancient temples and have never seen, dark skinned Chinese portrayed anywhere.

"Let me introduce you to the Uyghurs." The Yogi then continued to explain what I was missing in my education of earth's pre-history.

The story was one that took us back almost a million years ago and to what the Yogi explained was the original birthplace of mankind and that all peoples were dark skin and as they marched out of the ancestral

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home towards the valleys of Eden...we all were still dark skinned and thus so were the original Uyghurs who settled in Eden.

They settled and God saw that they were true of heart and God made a covenant with them to follow the true path of his righteousness and for this promise, God gave the Uyghurs knowledge and use of his sacred technologies and for endless ages they served as faithful caregivers of its usage...up until the fall.

Other groups wandered out to different parts of the world

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and there they were not given direct presence to God and it is said, in the ancient books that the further that man fell from Eden the weaker his heart grew and the lessor his color...

"Maybe, so God could identify you at a distance?" I injected as my smartass nature took its movement to present itself.

"Maybe?" the Yogi saw the humor in my comment...or so I hope that he took it has such?

"But this is said (in the ancient writings) to be the true representation of the different shades of people around the world, in our days especially!"

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After a while, the Yogi put his hand on my shoulder and told me that it was time to leave.

"You now know the truth and this may be a curse as there are those who will never understand nor want this truth." Was the warning that the Yogi left me with as he returned to the caverns...leaving me a long walk across the pathway to see if I could catch up with Digger.

Been here for over a week now and I have seen all that I am going to be allowed to see and to push it...out here in the middle of actually, nowhere... I am coasting upon the

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professors' kindness and appreciation for my assistance back in Nanking but, that was wearing rather thin.

As an enlighten but still starving artist from a hooch club in downtown Nanking, I brought nothing that they needed to the table...nothing to bargain with or swap for membership here.

Besides, the wireless spoke that the Japs were now encamped a mere twenty miles from the main gates of Nanking and my mind now turned to those that I had left behind. Claudie was the most troubling, he couldn't

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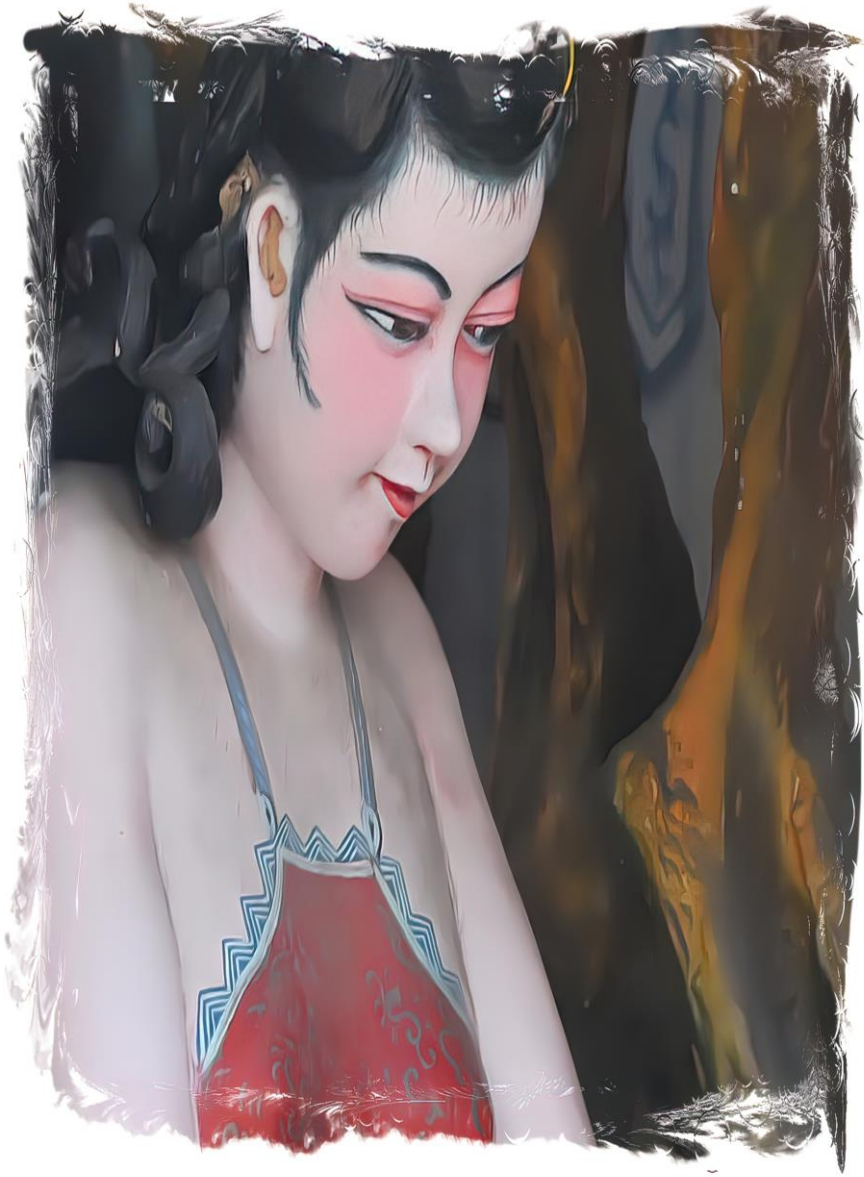
(normally) find his way out of the bar...little-a-lone, find his way to the Burmese Border Crossing and even less so if he tried for French Indo-China.

I didn't worry so much for Seine as he has so many connections and more importantly, he was one of those with the purest aura of luck that I had ever sensed...saw that when we first meet back in 1916...but, I owe him as we tugged on his aura of luck greatly over the next years...in fact, we are here (I believe) as he got us a sick passes to stay two extra weeks

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in Paris just as our units were cut to shreds in the third battle of Verdun with our crazy French and English Colonels' mad charge across No-Man's Land and into the direct line of fire from the German machine gunners... "For God...King and Country!"

They are all dead and thanks to Seine...Claudie and I are still kicking and above ground.

"It's time to go back!" I told the professors and they booked me on the bi-weekly biplane and the next day, we were flow back to Nanking by the kind courtesy of the Flying Tiger's Bomber Unit

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flight into the main airport in Nanking.

Maybe, just maybe, someday I will go back and seek my entrance into the brotherhood... maybe, become a keeper of ancient technologies.

Now, to make my peace with Chef Chiang and get back to real work. I will write more after we land and I have some time to collect my thoughts about the past several weeks.

The Yogi was right...no one will believe what I saw and according to the Yogi, that will be an actual blessing and keep me alive...Still missing you! ADO!

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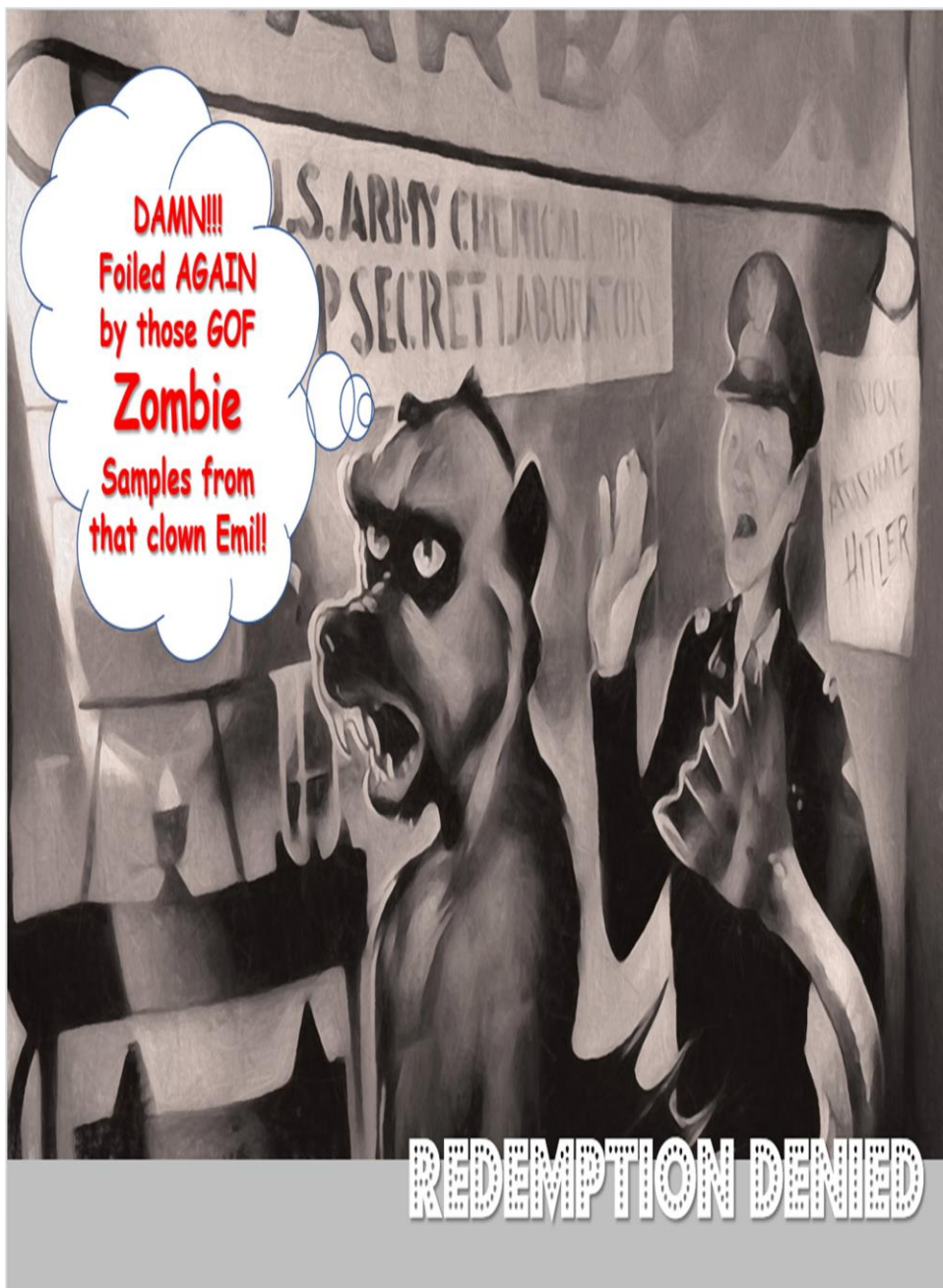


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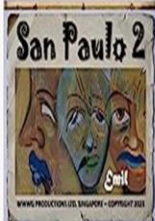


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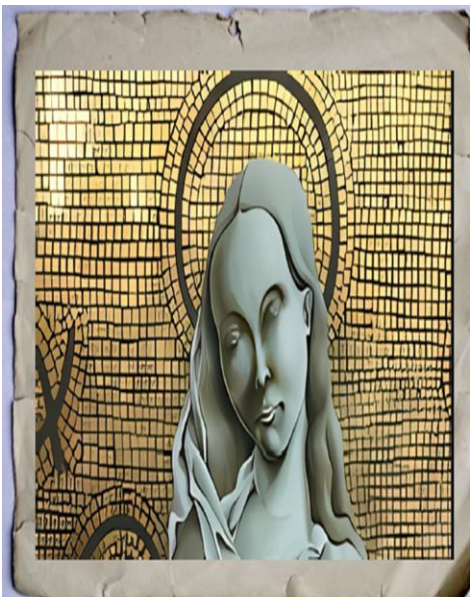
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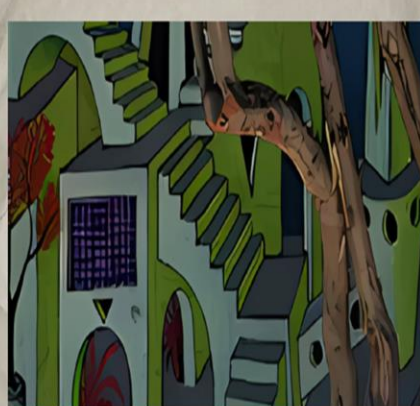


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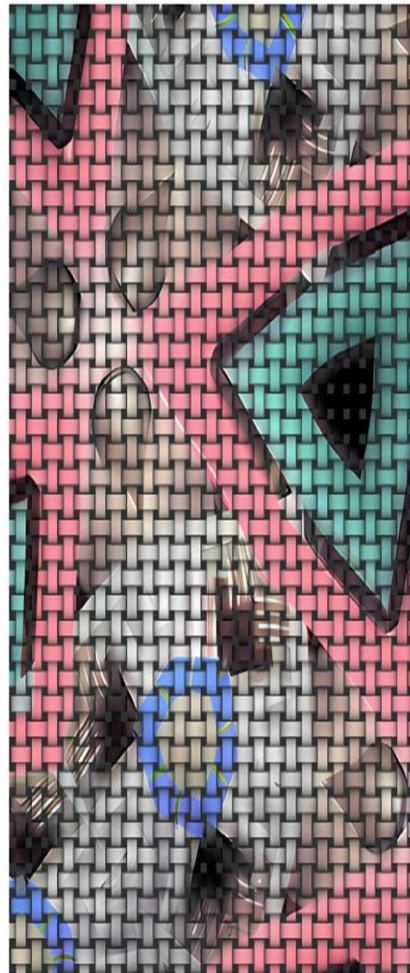
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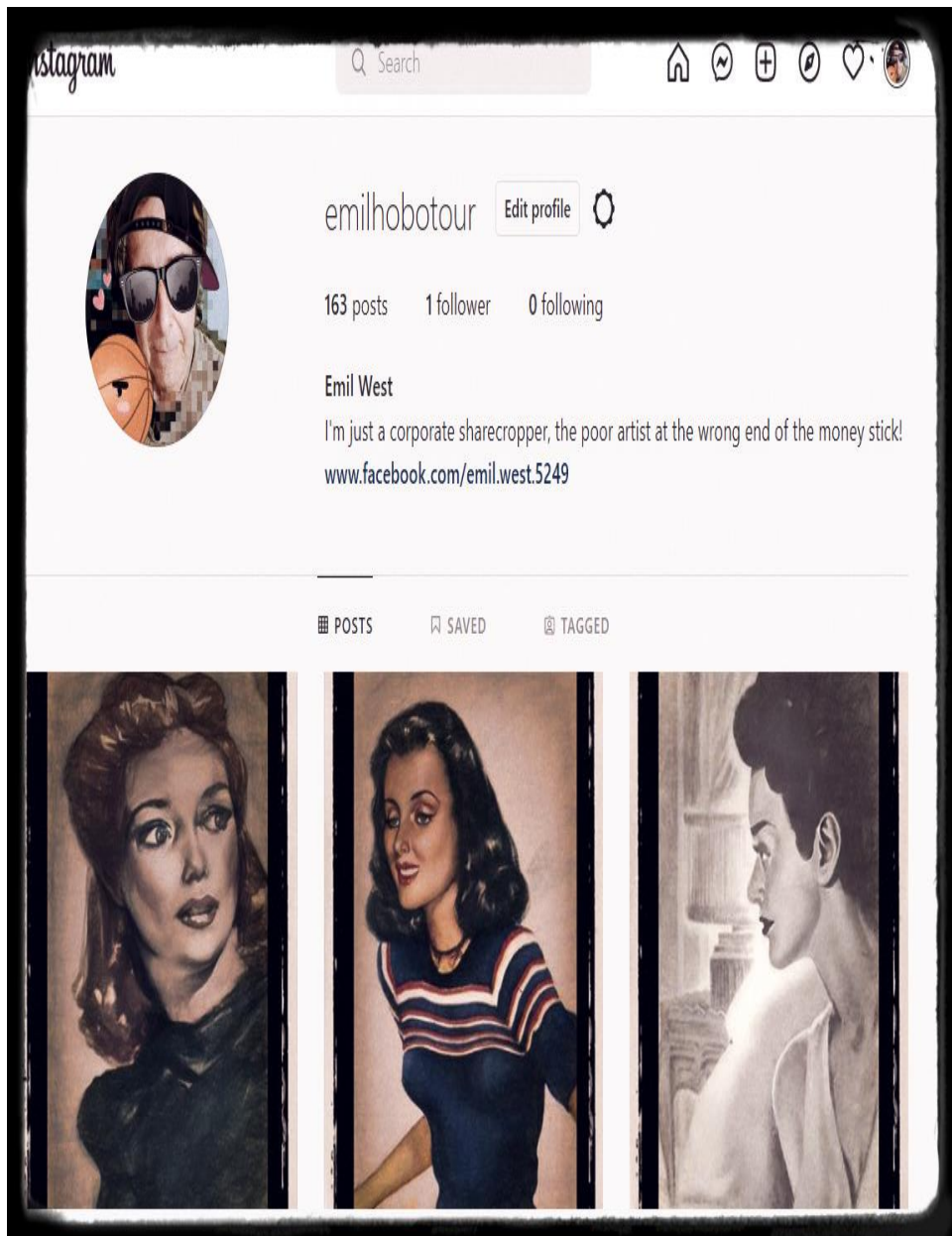
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